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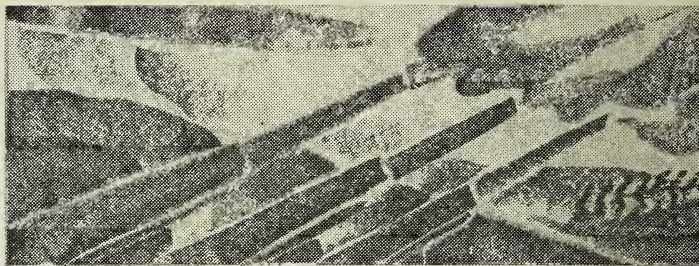
# ENLIST IN THE VACATION CORPS



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U. S. Department of Agriculture

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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

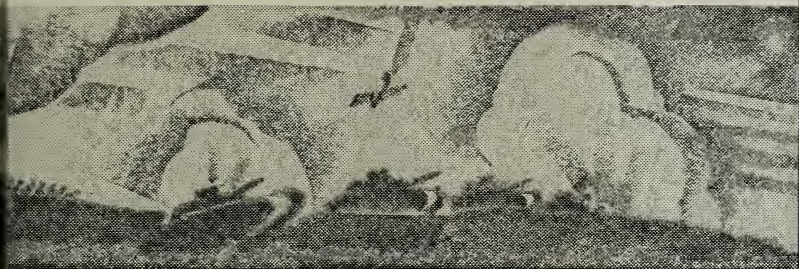


*Well,* what are you going to do about it? Your summer vacation, we mean. But just a minute. Don't answer yet. Think this over.

This summer there isn't going to be any vacation for millions of Americans—for soldiers and sailors—for flyers and marines—for workmen in factories—for farmers on farms. America is at war. And we're just beginning to fight.

Know what we're fighting for? Well, just to put it in a nutshell, we're fighting to turn this country over to you instead of Hitler. You'll soon be ready to run it. We know you'll keep it an American kind of country—where all the kids following you are going to have a chance, too. The kind of a country where your job is to live for freedom—not to die for Hitler. The kind of country where you can date the girl you want to—without having a Nazi stop you because she didn't have "their kind" of parents. The kind of a country where you can grow up to be what you want to—merchant, farmer, lawyer, doctor—well,





you name it, because the choice will be up to you and not some Nazi leader. Worth fighting for? You bet!

Used to be just a few soldiers did the fighting. But not any more. This is total war. Know what it means? Just what it says—everybody's in the war—everybody fights. Some fight with airplanes—some fight with tanks—others with guns—some with ships—some fight with tractors and plows on the land—others fight with press drills and lathes—fight on assembly lines in factories—with furnaces in steel mills—**but everybody fights** in total war.

Where are you going to fight this summer?

There's an Army that needs you. It doesn't have any special uniforms. You won't win any medals. There won't be any flags flying for you. But you'll sure be in the fight. You'll know it by the time



you're through, too—because you'll be tough.

Here's the deal. Soldiers can't fight without food. To supply our millions of fighting men, American farmers must produce more this year than ever before. Talk about 60 thousand airplanes—how about 125 **billion** pounds of milk—or 4 **billion** 200 million dozen eggs—or 83 million pigs—or cultivating 95 million acres of corn. That's a production job, too. It's got to be done—it's part of the war to be won.

And we're going to have to do it short on men and new farm machinery. Men have gone from the farms to join the Army and Navy. Farmers are giving up new machinery they need so that soldiers will have tanks. That's why we need new recruits for this army of the land.





Will you join and work on a farm this summer? You'll like it—for the country's a swell place. But, before you make up your mind—remember, this is no job for softies—for fellows who can't take it.

When you first start you'll be like a rookie soldier starting drill. Your muscles will be sore—your back will ache from pitching hay or carrying feed—you'll get blisters on your hands (but they'll get hard)—your fingers will get stiff from milking cows.

But after a week or so you'll begin to toughen up. And when you go back to school next fall you will be tough. (Don't take our word for it—ask your coach.) Country cookin' will put meat on your bones—your muscles will be hard—your skin will be tanned—your wind will be good—you'll come back brown and hard—knowing a lot of things you didn't know before—and with money in your pocket.





*How about it—* can you take it? Hitler says you can't—says Americans are soft—and democracy's washed up. We say he's wrong. And before we're through, he's going to know we can take it—and we can dish it out, too.

So—join the Land Army this summer. How? If you don't find a job by yourself, see your nearest

**U. S. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE**

(See telephone Directory)

or

**COUNTY USDA WAR BOARD**

(Headquartered with County AAA Committee usually located in the county seat)

(Ask your school Superintendent or Principal)



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# VACATION CORPS



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

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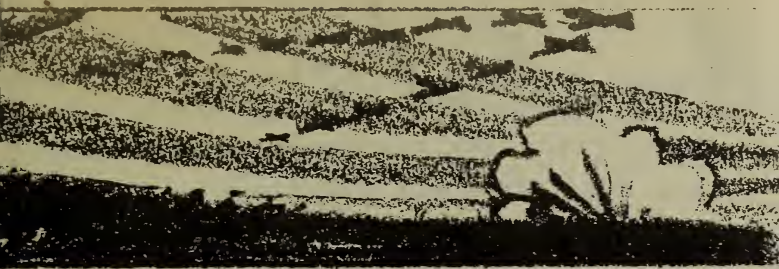


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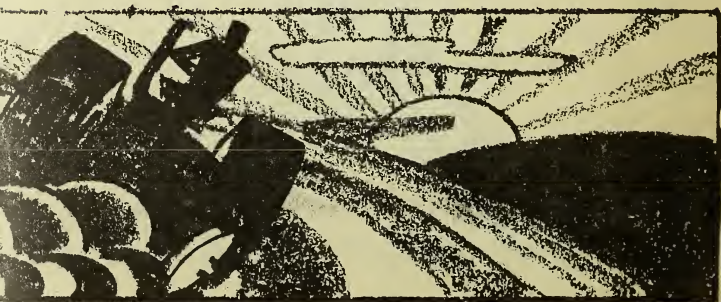
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